

Wasian Incels Anonymous

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/85403721) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/85403721>.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	Gen , M/M , Multi
Fandom:	Project: Eden's Garden (Video Game)
Relationships:	Damon Maitsu & Eva Tsunaka (Project: Eden's Garden) , Damon Maitsu (Project: Eden's Garden) & Everyone , Damon Maitsu/Kai Monteago (Project: Eden's Garden)
Characters:	Damon Maitsu (Project: Eden's Garden) , Eva Tsunaka (Project: Eden's Garden) , Project: Eden's Garden Ensemble
Additional Tags:	Fluff and Humor , Chatting & Messaging , Oblivious Damon Maitsu (Project: Eden's Garden) , Minor Eva Tsunaka/Diana Venicia (Project: Eden's Garden)
Language:	English
Collections:	Anonymous
Stats:	Published: 2026-05-23 Words: 4,293 Chapters: 1/?

Wasian Incels Anonymous

by Anonymous

Summary

"No, I'm not particularly offended by the term... 'white boy'," Damon responds. Eva seems to be formulating a response, irritation burgeoning, but it dies in her throat at his next words. "It's just factually inaccurate. I'm not white."

For what is not the first time, and certainly won't be the last, Eva stares at him like he's grown a third head.

"You're not white," she says, like she's had her world shattered.

Damon finds himself a class outcast even without the killing game—but at least he and his only friend in the class can bond over their shared isolation. (Un)Fortunately, however, as more and more people find out about the weekly meetings of the esteemed W.I.A., Damon comes to realize he and Eva won't be spending their time at this academy as loners, after all.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Chapter 1: The Birth Of The W.I.A.

Upon arriving at Eden's Garden Academy, Damon Maitsu quickly finds himself disappointed by the school's low standards for selection. Ultimate... Cosmetologist, Influencer— *Pro Gamer*?! Wasn't this supposed to be a school for extraordinary academics?

And what's worse is that one of the only students with a talent he respects, the Ultimate Lawyer, seems to have gotten it in his head that them being classmates means they're all going to be friends. No they won't. Damon won't be friends with any of these idiots—Except maybe for that one girl, what's her talent? The Ultimate Mathlete? It's a little bit odd sounding on the surface, but it's an incredibly academically useful and pragmatic talent in truth. Skill at mathematics, particularly in applying it to logical conundrums in academic settings, is an extremely practical talent—She could make contributions to so many fields, ranging from physics, engineering, to programming, and more. Math is the foundation of the universe, the blueprint of all the other sciences. Anything beyond a mere cursory glance will demonstrate the value of respecting her talent.

Of course, his foolish classmates with their useless talents fail to understand the value of a talent that actually contributes to society.

"A Mathlete? Pfft, that's- like, social suicide," says the Ultimate Influencer, Kai Monteago, apparently under the belief that he knows enough about being liked within society to lecture her—A belief notably false, considering his status as one of the least popular among the group. Tch. You'd think the Ultimate Influencer of all people would know better.

"A- A goddamn *Mathlete*?" Grace Madison, the Ultimate *Golfer* snarks hypocritically. Tch. Leave it to the minnow to judge the size of an anglerfish by its hook.

Something bubbles up inside his chest, thrumming violently. Damon tamps it down for now.

But then, Eva, the girl in question, speaks up—

"You all talk like this, and I'm expected to believe we're all going to be friends?" She says. "You, as Ultimates, are not 'better suited' for endeavors of friendship and unity—As people who have fought and won the title of best in your field, you're all incredibly quick to outcast anyone you deem an easy target. So, forgive me if I find it hard to believe we'll get along very well."

—And that 'thing' comes to a boiling point, unable to be suppressed any longer.

"She's right," Damon says.

Everyone turns to look at him, mostly in surprise at hearing him speak up at all—he'd been largely quiet outside of that Mock Trial they did '*as an exercise in applying their skills to a real world conundrum*'. Tch. Was it really necessary for that to jumpscare them with a fake corpse?

"...Huh?" Eva says.

"Seeing you all makes me think of the Dunning-Krueger effect, you know that?" Damon says. "The dumbest of people seem to think they have a right to look down on their betters. It's almost funny—But seriously, this academy ought to raise its standards. Put too many guppies in a pond of Koi, and you've got a pond of guppies."

"What the hell're you on about, you goddamn nut case?" Screeches Grace. "And since when were we fish?!"

"What I mean, is," Damon continues. "You all mock a talent pertaining to skills with mathematics—One of the most versatile skills a person can possess, and in competitive, academic settings, nonetheless—But what do your talents contribute to society? Most of you really aren't all that impressive."

Wenona, the Ultimate Entrepreneur, scoffs.

"Running a business that feeds millions isn't impressive?" she asks.

"Of course, there are exceptions," Damon says. "But really, what have the *majority* of you actually contributed to society? But tell me, what does the Ultimate *Influencer* actually do? The Ultimate *Matchmaker*?"

"What the hell is wrong with you?" screeches the influencer in question.

"In truth, really," Damon continues, entirely unbothered. "Nowadays, the title of 'Ultimate' barely means shit. Most of you are just dullards leeching off personal attention for your hobbies."

Gasps of offense ring out through the classroom.

"And your talent is somehow any better?" Ulysses Wilhelm, the Ultimate Historian, questions.

"W-Well... as the Ultimate Debater, I can argue about *relevant* topics, like politics, ethics, and morality," Damon says. "And my talent is incredibly broad when it comes to possible applications. For example, I was the one who got you guys through that trial."

"Really? I remember all of us helping out," Cassidy says.

"I see how it is," Jett says. "You think you're better than us just 'cause you can say stuff no one understands? Well, that stuff is relative! Do you know what a dragster is?"

"Hmph! Watch your step, lest you fall from the unparalleled heights of your vanity!" Huffs Toshiko Kayura, the Ultimate Matchmaker.

"I'm disappointed in you," says Ingrid Grimall, the Ultimate Blacksmith. Somehow, that's the one that almost makes him feel guilty. "Tryin' this hard to make yourself look good?"

"W-Wait, I wasn't-"

"It looks like *someone's* made a dreadful first impression!" their teacher, Tozu, lilts playfully. "Well, regardless, I do wish you all the best in your endeavors. Toodaloo!"

With that, they're all dismissed. Nothing left to do but accept the fact that he's stuck with a class of people who hate him.

Just great.

Things only get worse from there. As it turns out, he's stuck rooming with Kai Monteago, the Ultimate Influencer—who seems to hate him even more than the rest.

Immediately upon seeing one another, the man takes out a roll of tape and attaches a strip to the floor, dividing the room into two equal halves.

"This is my half of the room," he says. "And this is your half. *Don't* step on my half of the room."

"That line won't do anything. I could—"

"Do it and I'll scream bloody fucking murder! I don't want you anywhere near me!"

Damon scoffs.

"I can't believe they let someone so childish into this academy," he says. "Honestly, what do you even do besides beg for attention on the Internet?"

"H-Huh? You're such a dick! This is exactly why I don't want you anywhere near me!" Kai shrieks- Wait, are those tears in his eyes? Is he seriously crying right now?

"God, you're such a baby..." he huffs.

"Shut up!"

And then, Damon realizes something: There's only one bed in this room.

And 'his side' is the one without it.

"Wait, where am I going to sleep?" Damon asks, his brow furrowed. Kai harrumphs.

"The couch," he says. "The bed is for people who *aren't* cocky douchebags!"

"Looks like you'll have to take the floor then," Damon snips, causing a fresh bout of sniffles from Kai.

Of course, Kai isn't the only person who dislikes him. Everyone in the class generally gives him the cold shoulder, with the elected *Class President*, Wolfgang, even going as far as to pre-emptively ban him and Eva from all class events.

"It was a vote," Wolfgang elaborates. "And the majority were, by far, in favor of the ban. Perhaps you should re-evaluate yourself as a person, Mister Maitsu."

Tch. He didn't care about those stupid events anyways.

And it's not exactly like Damon isn't used to being disliked by his peers. Ever since he was a child, he's found himself on the receiving end of his classmates' antagonism for a variety of reasons.

But still, having Eva approach him in the dining hall out of the blue one day comes as a pleasant surprise.

"..."

"..."

They sit there in silence for a few seconds.

"Why are you sitting here?" Damon asks, not accusatorily.

"Would you rather I not?" Eva raises a brow.

"...I'd rather you do," he admits. "I was just curious. Don't you have friends you'd rather sit with? Like, ah, that Cosmetologist?"

"They all hang on Wolfgang's every word," she says. "Even Diana supports him despite seeing how he treats the both of us."

Damon huffs a derisive laugh.

"Like a flock of sheep to a shepherd," he says.

"Indeed," she replied. "It's *stupid*. They act like a bunch of NPCs... or the average netizen whenever they see a new bandwagon to jump on."

Damon blinks.

"Huh?"

"Do you disagree with what I said?"

"Well, that depends on the meaning of your words," Damon says. "I couldn't understand any of that."

Eva makes a downright pouty expression. It's quite endearing.

"It's basic internet slang," she says. "Do you really not know the meaning of any of it?"

"Well," Damon admits. "I never really use the internet."

Eva stares at him like he's grown a third head, and then, suddenly, settles into a look of resolution.

"Damon." She says, a firm hand wrapping around his arm. "Meet me in the library after school."

"Huh? What for?" He asks. She stares at him with an expression of utmost seriousness.

"I'm going to teach you about the online world."

Damon thinks the idea of being taught about the Internet is incredibly foolish and a waste of time. Of course, seeing the look of determination, he knows refusing isn't an option.

So, after the bell rings, he lets her drag him off to the Library, and lets her grab his phone.

"Okay," she says. "First of all: Do you have Discord?"

"...No? I'm an incredibly organized individual. Unless you'd count me objecting to Wolfgang's leadership as sowing discord, then the answer is plain to see," he says. "Also, your grammar is incorrect. It would be *sow*—or maybe just—"

He freezes at the sight of her slapping her palm to her forehead.

"You are such a normie..." she murmurs, pulling up some app with a blue logo and clicking the install button.

"I'm actually an incredibly exceptional individual—"

"Nevermind that. You're a huge chud."

"Chud? What does that mean? Is this all more of that internet slang?"

Eva hands his phone back to him with a huff.

"Make an account," she says, coaching him through the process. Once that's done, she takes her own phone out and types something in.

"Accept my friend request," she says.

Damon blinks in confusion. He never expected the Ultimate Mathlete to be so childish.

"We're not kindergartners anymore," he says. "...But sure. We're friends."

Despite her having been the one to ask, Eva just stares at him in complete and utter shock, a light blush dusting her features.

"I-I meant on *Discord*," she says, disgruntled, snatching his phone and clicking through buttons.

"Oh," Damon says dumbly, burning humiliation charring his stomach. "So, you don't want to be friends, then?"

"...No, I want to be friends," Eva says, flush deepening. "Bweh. You're so weird."

Bweh—what an unexpectedly cute phrase coming from someone he initially thought to be a purely pragmatic and rational individual. Really, Eva as a whole is far weirder than he thought. But he trusts her in a way he doesn't trust the others in this place. She gets him. She won't blindly comply with their naive class president.

His train of thought is cut off by the buzz of his phone. There's a message from a user with an anime girl profile picture—is that Eva?

Eva, Homura's Lawyer 💖: test test test test test test (test)

Eva, Homura's Lawyer 💖: if u got this reply saying how many times I typed the word test counting or not counting the one in brackets

What an odd request. Still, she *is* the Ultimate Mathlete—it makes sense that her first thought would be a numerical problem, no matter how basic.

Damon: Six to seven times, correct?

From beside him, Eva bursts into giggles.

Damon: Also, your message contains a spelling error. You misspelled "you" as "u".

Eva, Homura's Lawyer 💖: kys

...Huh?

Damon: I believe you misspelled 'keys'—What exactly do they have to do with anything?

Eva smacks her palm into her forehead again.

"You can't be real," she says. "I'm in an *otome* and you're one of *those* MLs."

"You're inside a young woman? Or did you mean to say you *are* one? And I have no interest in Machine Learning—well, unless you count that one debate—"

Eva bursts into laughter. It's... actually a good look on her.

"You're- *hah*, wait," she says. "I think it smells like updog in here."

Updog? Is this also some internet slang?

"What's updog?" Damon inquires. Eva's cackles double.

"N-Nothing much, 'dawg, how about you?"

"I'm not a dog. I'm actually allergic to dogs."

"This just gets better and better," Eva murmurs. "Well, I think that's enough for today."

But then, her face softens, and Damon sees an expression on her he's never seen before.

A smile, a soft, purely genuine smile.

It's a good look on her.

"Same time tomorrow?" She asks. And when she makes that face, what else is there left for Damon to do but nod?

Their after school meetings become a regular thing after that. Eva introduces him to video games, they chat online, and then they chat in person, as well.

It's... nice, having someone like minded to talk to. He doesn't realize when, but at some point, it becomes natural.

The rest of the class hosts a party on a Tuesday night. Neither of them are allowed.

"It does feel quite lonely sometimes, doesn't it?" Eva says, a couple days prior. "Even though they're being stupid..."

"Tch. We don't need their company, anyway," Damon scoffs in response. Still, he can tell she's upset, and he has no clue what to do about it.

He calls his parents that evening.

"Hi, Mama," he says softly.

"Damon!" Comes Mom's surprised answer on the phone, and then, silence. The sound of footsteps. "*Sweetheart, Damon's calling!*"

More footsteps.

"Is he?" Dad says, now right up to the phone. "Damon! How's my favorite son in the whole world?"

"I'm your only son," he says. "...But, um, I'm doing good."

"Did you make any friends?"

"Yeah," he says, not missing the surprised gasp from Mom. Way to have faith in him.

...Then again, considering the fact that he immediately went and made himself the class pariah, maybe she's right to be doubtful.

"What's their name?" She asks.

"Eva," he says. "She's, um, the Ultimate Mathlete."

"Really? That's wonderful!" His Mom says. "I'm so glad to see you're finally talking to others — Oh, I'll send extra sweets!"

When he was a kid, money was tight, and the only time he could eat sweets was when his parents brought some home from work. Now, his parents don't even have to work anymore, and Damon can buy sweets whenever he wants, but Mom and Dad still send him some on a regular basis—for old times' sake.

Damon, being the mature and serious individual he is, accepts them, telling himself he'll refrain from excessive indulgence in the treats... only to devour everything he gets in the first hour or so. Sometimes, his exceptional self control enables him to make the sweets last for *multiple* hours, even.

"Thanks, Mama," he says. Even though it's an audio call, he can practically see Mom smile.

"Of course!" She says sweetly. But then, a pause. "Ah, but Damon?"

"Yes, Mama?"

"You're *going* to share those sweets with your friend, alright?" Her voice is sharp and warning. Damon, like any human being, has basic self-preservation instincts, so he rapidly nods.

"Y-Yes, Mama," he says.

"Good." With that, her voice instantly sweetens. "*Bye, Da-mon cheri!*"

"Bye," he says, watching almost mournfully as the call ends.

Damon turns to see his roommate, Kai, staring at him in shock.

"No way *you're* one of those guys who gets all mushy around his parents!" He shrieks. Damon rolls his eyes, ignoring the light flush rising up his cheeks.

"I love my parents. I certainly can't say the same for you," he says. "The change in behavior is only natural."

"Yeah, but like... *Mama?*"

"Is there a problem?" Damon asks. "That's a standard term of endearment for one's mother. Do you not have a sufficiently loving relationship with your parents to understand this?"

That makes Kai back off.

"U-Ugh, you're such a dick!" He says, sniffing.

"So I've heard," Damon says, going back to ignoring his annoying roommate.

The next day, there's a delivery for him—Two boxes of rakugan candies, an assorted dango gift box, and an erroneously large mochi assortment.

The bag is incredibly large and conspicuously snake patterned (beautiful, nonetheless), and Damon has to carry it around during class.

Naturally, considering his general reputation, this attracts suspicion.

"Damon," Wolfgang addresses in front of all the class. "Care to explain what exactly is in that abnormally large bag?"

Damon rolls his eyes.

"None of your business," he says. Wolfgang's eye twitches.

"You do understand that I have reason to be suspicious, yes?" He questions. "Considering your... reputation of unsavory behavior—" That's making him sound like he's some delinquent. All he did was give a speech that hurt their little feelings. "—As well as the fact that the classroom is having a *bonding event* from which you have been justifiably excluded, there is a high likelihood that you have prepared some method of sabotage."

Damon blinks, struggling to process the sheer absurdity of what he just heard.

I... What? Sabotage? Does he really think I don't have anything better to do?

Instead of expressing his sheer incredulity at this statement, however, Damon just scoffs.

"I don't recall you having the rights to perform a search," he says. "Surely you, as a lawyer, should be aware that even if you were an officer of the law, a search cannot be conducted without the consent of the participant, a warrant, or reasonable suspicion—which, considering you have not actually witnessed me engaging in any behavior that may indicate I am concealing a weapon or illicit item, you do not have?"

Damon immediately realizes the glaring hole in his argument—Wolfgang *does* have reasonable cause for suspicion, damnit! His shifty behavior regarding the bag! If he wanted to, he would have legal grounds to have the police conduct a search!

Wolfgang smirks derisively, and Damon realizes it's over for him. How could he let himself be this stupid?!

"Hmph," says Wolfgang. "I understand that you feel cornered, but there's no need to make things up to feel smart."

...What? What the hell is he on about?

"I— Huh?"

"I see through your little act, Mister Maitsu," he says proudly, like he's not talking complete and utter bullshit. "Of all people to try and lie about the law to, you chose a lawyer? How foolish."

All he did was describe the requirements for an officer to legally conduct a search? That's not even a lawyer thing, any citizen should know their rights!

"Hah! Get him, Lawyer-man!"

Is Wolfgang seriously lying about this just to make Damon look bad? What other explanation should there be?

But as everyone joins in on deriding him, Damon realizes the simple truth—No one bothered to fact check not because no one knows enough about the law, but because no one was listening to him in the first place.

These people have decided he isn't worth listening to, and so they blindly let their leader determine the interpretation of his words.

It's nauseating. The Ultimates, the best and brightest of society... Could they really be so mindless? Is this what the title means nowadays?

As they sit down for lunch together, Eva gives him a *look*.

"Huh?"

"You were mentally inflating your ego," she says quietly. "Don't do that. You're enough of a chud as is."

"Chud?" He asks, offended—he still doesn't know what it means, but he realizes now it's some kind of insult.

"It's okay, Damon," she says. "You're my little chudling. A true pogchamp."

None of those words are in the dictionary.

"On an unrelated note," he says. "I don't think we should meet at the library after school today."

Eva's face falls.

"H-Huh? Why?" She says. "Today's the one day we should meet more than anything, what with the party."

"That's precisely why I don't want to meet at the library," he explains. Eva's face contorts into hurt, and then, realization.

"Elaborate," she says. Damon nods.

"Well, since we can't participate," he says, faltering mid sentence as he realizes how stupid he must sound. "E-Er, well, I was thinking we could make our regular meeting a little bit- um, exceptional, in accordance."

"In what sense, exactly?"

"I... brought sweets," he says. "The library doesn't allow food items, so I was thinking we could meet up somewhere else. Perhaps outside? Or even in one of our dorms?"

Eva's lips are parted in realization.

"I see," she says. "Next time, be more direct about your intentions so I don't immediately assume the worst case scenario."

Before he can't retort, she continues, a pensive expression on her face.

"There's an unused classroom in the science wing," she says. "We should go there."

That's actually quite a good idea. Unless they're damaging property, no one should care too much about how the abandoned classroom is used.

"Agreed," says Damon. They eat in silence for a few seconds until Eva speaks up.

"So... is that why you've been carrying around the bag?"

After school, they meet up in the unused classroom. Damon takes out the many boxes of snacks, and Eva's eyes widen.

"That is quite a large amount," she says. "Like one of those math problem characters."

And then, taking a closer look at the boxes, she squints.

"Mochi? Dango? *Rakugan*?" She sats. "I never took you for a weeb..." and then, with a snicker, she adds— "White boy."

"White boy?"

Eva blinks in confusion.

"Are you really offended by me calling you *white boy*?" She asks.

The statement doesn't offend him so much as it confuses him.

"No, I'm not particularly offended by the term... '*white boy*'," Damon responds. Eva seems to formulating a response, irritation burgeoning, but it dies in her throat at his next words. "It's just factually inaccurate. I'm not white."

For what is not the first time, and certainly won't be the last, Eva stares at him like he's grown a third head.

"You're not white," she says, like she's had her world shattered. "*You*, Damon—"

"Damon *Maitsu*," he interrupts. "My last name is Japanese in origin."

"Yes, well, regardless," she says. "You are aware that you appear to be extremely white, yes?"

"I find that presumptuous," he says, before pausing. "Well, I am *partially* white, so you wouldn't be entirely incorrect. My mother is an American citizen of French ancestry, and my Father is a Japanese citizen residing in America."

"So," Eva says. "You're Wasian."

White-Asian, Damon's brain deciphers.

"I am," he says.

"Actually," she says. ", myself, am Wasian, as well. So we're both Wasians, and we're both..."

"Socially isolated? Introverted? Academically focused? Ultimates?"

Eva shakes her head.

"Incels," Damon has no clue what that means, but honestly, he doesn't care to object to her. "We're, like, a Wasian Incels Anonymous Support Group."

Damon doesn't know what exactly she's saying—Just that it sounds ridiculous— but it makes her laugh, so he doesn't object.

"Alright," he says. "We're the 'Wasian Incels Anonymous'. Now, do you want to try any of the food?"

Eva nods, grabbing a piece of kusamochi, then another, and another after that. Damon quickly finds himself reaching in as well.

Before they know it, the candy is finished.

"You know," she says. "I wish I was as white passing as you are."

"...Huh?"

"Back in elementary school," she quietly admits. "Other kids used to make fun of me for my appearance."

Damon doesn't know how to react to the admission—especially considering that his appearance is the result of deliberate decision he's made to hide Asian features.

"Admittedly, I don't naturally look like this," he says, elaborating at Eva's expectant stare. "For example, my hair is black. There's other things, too."

Eva hums contemplatively.

"I see," and then, she pauses. "Wait. Close your eyes."

Damon obliges.

"...Your double eyelids are makeup," she realizes.

"Yeah," he says. "But, anyways, enough about that."

"No, I'm still curious," says Eva. "Why did you go to those lengths to alter your appearance? Internalized sinophobia final boss over here."

"Nothing like that," says Damon. "It's just that debate competitions often tend to have bias among the judges. Concealing features that gave me a disadvantage during competitions was only natural. Furthermore, my competitors were also more inclined to take me seriously."

Eva goes quiet for a few seconds, scooping up little leftover rakugan bits, her expression pensive.

"Like I said, they all made fun of me, too," she says. "I was Asian, and I liked math, and that made me the easiest target ever."

Eva's said before that no one in her school really ever saw her as human, and of course, it all makes too much sense—People born into power, however big or small said power may be, look down on those without, even those with actual merit, and attempt to keep them suppressed.

"Tch," he says. "Of course they'd want to mock someone with Ultimate level talent. The mediocre who find themselves favored by circumstance always try to suppress those with true merit."

Eva laughs.

"...Your ego is like a balloon," she says.

"All of my belief in our competence is warranted," he replies simply. "We are the most exceptional among our respective fields, prodigies among prodigies, shining examples of talent, future innovators—"

"You know, come to think of it, this large amount of sweets you've so readily consumed indicates you have a major sweet tooth, and considering your grimaces while consuming black coffee..." Eva completely derails his train of both vocalization and thought.

"Could it be that you pretend to like black coffee because you believe it better suits your image?"

End Notes

Hello so. I know this is a very stupid concept but I had to try writing it because. Why not? This was supposed to be a silly little oneshot but it ended up being wayyy longer than anticipated so I'm splitting it up into multiple parts!

If you actually gave this a chance and enjoyed, thank you so much! Next chapter is Toshiko Kayura joining this esteemed organization for... dignified reasons that have nothing whatsoever to do with the fact that she wants to eat yummy sweets.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!